

This I believe

“Blood is thicker than water” and this I believe. When you get home all tired and exhausted, who is it that comes to comfort you with a drink in hand? Also, who is it that you share your troubles and happiness with? Perhaps some of us would say that it’s their friends that they approach, but for some, including me, it’s our family that we approach, because family is what I believe in.

I guess I did not really care much about my family and took them for granted until 4 years when I went to an orphanage for my CIP. At first I simply dismissed it as just another compulsory CIP event that I had to attend to, but when I interacted with children there, I changed my attitude towards this CIP and family completely. After we arrived at the orphanage, the teacher-in-charge assigned each of us to one to one child to take care of for the next 3 hours and I was assigned to this 10-year-old boy called Ben. Ben was rude and defiant, he refused to work with me and insisted on giving me a hard time. We were supposed to do an activity with our assigned child and as all the other children were having fun doing the activities on the worksheet, Ben simply refused to do the worksheet and even said, “These activities are just stupid, it is something you give 6-year-olds!”

At the point of time I was really angry that Ben did not want to cooperate, “It is no wonder that nobody wants to adopt you” I thought angrily. About five minutes later the lady who was taking care of the orphans came over to us and said with a smile, “I apologize if Ben is giving you a hard time, he is actually quite bright child. This child’s parents died in a car accident when he was four, it must have been quite a shock to him.” Her words struck me like a wake-up call, “That’s right, all these children here have no family to love or care for them. May it be attitude problems or anything else, it is not really their fault, it is the consequences of a lack of love from family. Yet, while these children have accepted their unfortunate fate and are continuing to live life normally, we are taking our own families for granted”, I reflected. After talking to me, the lady turned to Ben and encouraged him to try out the activity, and although with a sour look on his face, Ben took up a pencil and started attempted the questions. For the rest of my CIP, I tried adjusting my attitude and thank goodness Ben changed his attitude a little too, even if it means doing things with a sour face.

From that day onwards, I learnt to treasure my family more, what seemed like a regular CIP event had actually taught me an important lesson. To be able to have a family to me is like a blessing, so is quarreling over the computer with your cousin or listening to a lecture session given by my mother, and this I believe.